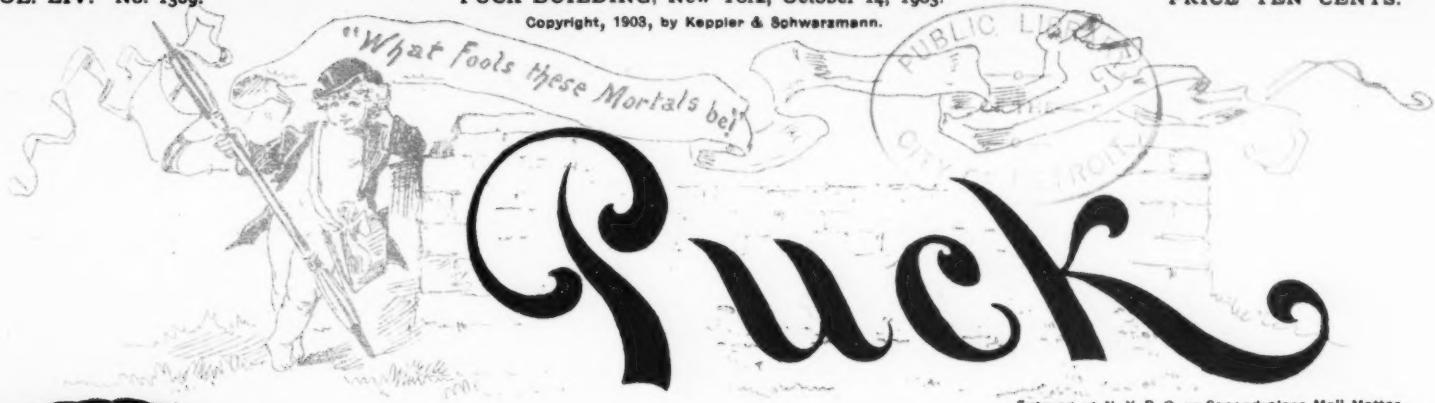


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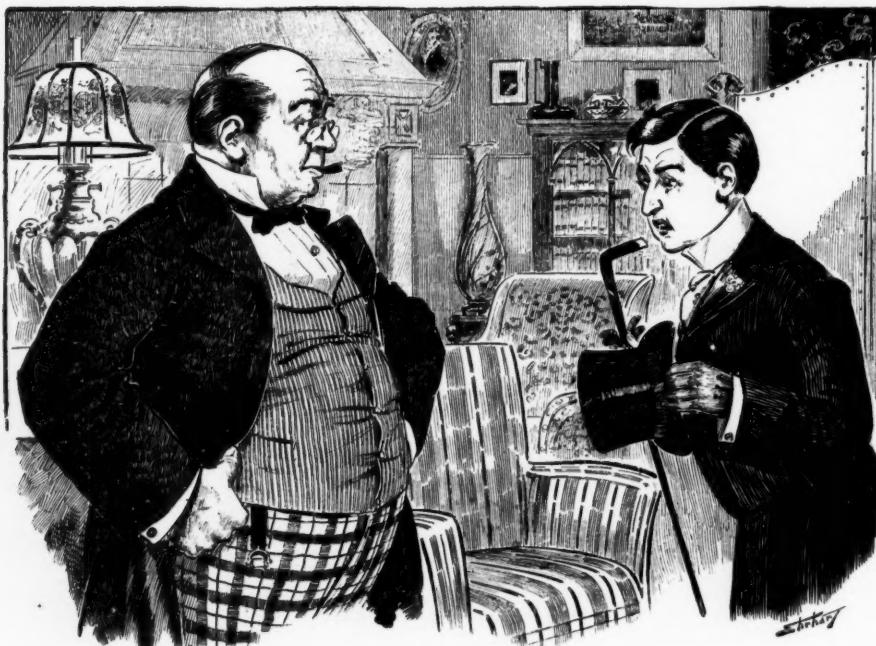
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BY THE GRACE OF "JUSTICE."



HER ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

MR. NEWPORT.—Young man, do you gamble, drink or smoke?

THE LOVER.—N-no, sir!

MR. NEWPORT.—Then you would never get along with my daughter; she is a thorough society girl!

THE PRODIGY'S PRESENT POSITION.

"HEN I WAS a little feller, going to the old Head o' the River school," said Uncle Timrod Tarpy, in his accustomed acridicogitory way, "amongst the scholars was the most amazing and tall-headedest boy that was anywhere around there. He was constantly pointed to with pride b'cuz of his prodigious memory, and his pale, intellectual forehead ran up like a dome.

"It seemed perfectly easy for him to memorize anything he chose, no matter how long and complicated it was. He could recite *Horatius at the Bridge* with one hand tied behind his back, reel off *Bernardo del Carpio* like rolling off'm a log, and repeat *Marmion* and *Douglass* in such a way that you could hardly keep from picking up something and swatting him right on top of that tall, pale brow with it. To be sure, he did n't take much interest in anything that was really useful; I s'pose it was b'cuz such things did n't, as it were, appeal to him. But he could repeat from 'A' to 'Izzard,' in a manner that caused him to be admired by our parents and cordially hated by us boys, that ancient alliterative atrocity about—

"An Austrian army, awfully arrayed,
Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade;
Cossacks, commanders, cannonading come,
Dealing destruction, devastation, doom.'

"When I saw him last, about a year ago, he was still alive and

his memory was just as active as it used to be. That 'ere tall brow of his'n almost filled a superannuated plug-hat, and he was able to recollect to the minutest details what a wonderful memory he had when he was a boy."

Tom P. Morgan.

ACCOUNTING FOR IT.

VISITOR.—And why are you here, my friend?

CONVICT.—Well, I suppose it's because I did n't have anything to do with the Post Office frauds.

IN TURKEY.

"Young Mahomet Ben Ali hath set out, bent on murder and pillage."

"He hath? By the beard of the Prophet, he must have got religion!"



DOING IT GRATUITOUSLY.

CHIEF SLEET-IN-THE-FACE.—Anything in this for red man?

THE TOURIST.—Mein friendt, in der East, vere ve come from, if you get your picture took, dey scharge you for it.



QUIETED HIM.

MR. JACKSON.—Huh! Dat new-fangled coffee-mill yo' bought doan grind at all.

MRS. JACKSON.—Yea; it's lak some husbands. Expensive, goes aroun' a lot, en doan do no wuk.

A RURAL LOOKER-ON.

MY NAME is Silas Johnson, an' I live in Poseyville,—
If this don't interdooce me, why, I reckon nothin' will!
I'm up t' all these sharper's tricks, the gold-brick game
an' such,
I have n't any "city friends"—I've been around too
much!

I don't allow no feller fer t' grab my grip an' run,
I ain't expectin' relatives t' meet me here, not one!
I'm simply lookin' on this game that's played, as you can see,
With three quite common-lookin' shells an' nothin'
but a pea.

Fer any game that's played with cards I have n't
any use,
I could n't tell, t' save my life, a ten-spot from a
dence.
They're unfamiliar things to me, an' so I would n't
bet,—
But I can tell a walnut-shell with both my peepers
shet!
While as fer peas, I raise a crop o' them 'most ev'ry
year,—
Fer things so meek an' innocent I have n't any fear.
A feller used t' seein' them could never "bunkoed" be
With three quite common-lookin' shells an' nothin'
but a pea.

That folks can rig a shell with springs an' fixin's t' deceive,
Er load a pea, like dice, with lead, I never can believe.
An' so this game is on the square, I've figured out that much.—
You see, I'm up to all the tricks, these secret springs an' such.
I'm waitin' here t' get the chance t' bet jes all I've got!—
A mighty simple game o' cards might fool me, like as not,
But I'll jes let these fellers know they can't bamboozle me
With three quite common-lookin' shells an' nothin' but a pea!

Roy Farrell Greene.

A WHOLESALE DISAPPOINTMENT.

"Marriage," acridly said the Grizzled Bachelor, with a grin as pessimistic and mirthless as that of a laughing hyena, "is always a disappointment—to the fellows who don't get the girl, and to the girls who don't get the fellow; also, to the girl who does get him, and to the fellow who gets her."

THE REASON.

STELLA.—Why did she refuse Jack?

BELLA.—Because he could n't support her in the style she was unaccustomed to.



THE DEMOCRATIC VIEW.

"The breed, sir,—the breed is everything!"

"Oh, I don't know. I think a rooster's a rooster for a' that."

If talking were a lost art the work of detectives would be much harder.

HANS AND HIS CHUMS.

No. 9.



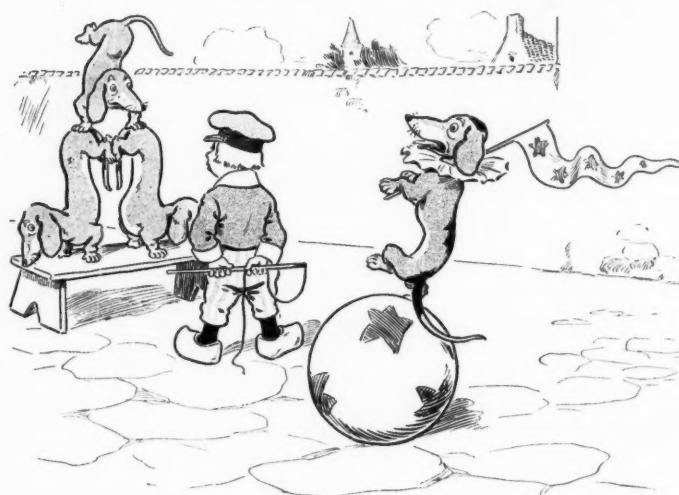
I.
"Dear me! Why, that 's no trick at all,"
Quoth Dackel; "all the world 's a ball."



II.
"And if upon the world I walk,
No ball like this my steps can balk."



III.
"Aha! I told you! See the grace
With which I regulate the pace."



IV.
"And now, methinks, while here 's the chance,
I 'll do a fetching fancy dance."



V.
A mazy waltz it was he tried;
But did, instead, a backward glide.



VI.
"Henceforth," he said, "for all I 'm worth,
I 'll stick to just one ball; the earth."

But it is always something in a tenor's favor that the look on his face gives the impression that he, too, is suffering.

PUCK

A PERFECT FIT.



THE PELICAN.—I don't see what pleasure you can derive from smoking that short Cutty-pipe.

THE IBIS.—It is n't a Cutty, you duffer, it's a—



—Church-warden!

OUTWITTED.

SHE WAS tall, pale and angry; he was short, pale and hungry. They were just bringing to a close the second week of their honeymoon. The trouble was due to the gas range, or the gasless range, if you prefer.

It is enough to make anyone pale and angry to cook for two weeks on an alcohol lamp; also sufficient justification for paleness and hunger to eat the results three times per.

They looked out across the front yard and descried the retreating figure of Big Mike, vice-president of Ditch Digger's Union No. 27½.

"Thank heaven, the pipes are laid, and we will now be able to see beyond the fence once more." So said the bride, her remark paying unconscious tribute to the size of Big Mike. This same size was the principal reason he had been allowed to loiter two weeks over two day's work: the bridegroom was no coward, but he was the soul of discretion.

The gas pipes were all in, and the newly wed were anxious for the moment when the two men in the house would finish their work.

But John Gaseous, of Gas-fitters' Union No. 40, and Harvey Easyworker, of Plumbers' Union No. 573, were in no hurry. It did not pay to hurry away from \$3.60 a day.

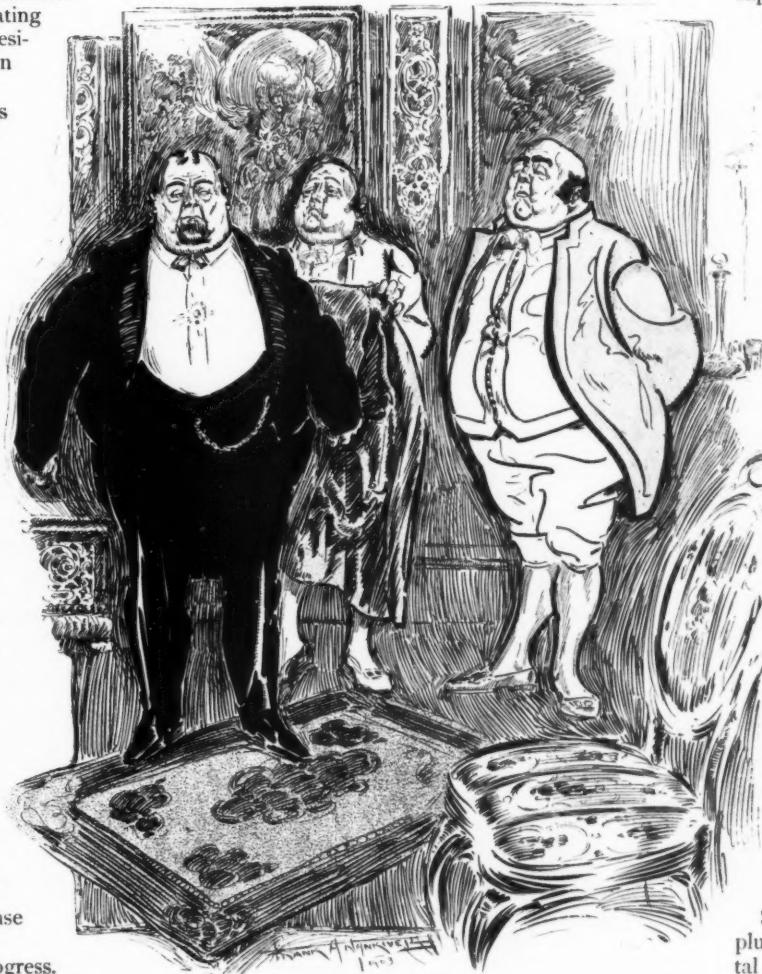
The newly wed went timidly into the kitchen. They had been discharged from the room several times, but they felt that they must brook disfavor in order to see the first flicker of expense issue from the gas range.

An embryo row was in progress.

"Strike a match," shouted John Gaseous, when he had turned on the gas.

"Taint my job!" thundered back Harvey Easyworker.

"It is your job!" yelled the gasfitter.



TIME WASTED.

"Mrs. Porkchops said she would not be ready for half an hour, sir."

"She did, eh? If I had known that, I'd have spent half an hour more in my shirt sleeves!"

"Look in the book and see," responded the plumber.

The newly wed gazed on with bated breath. The union men pulled out two sets of Rules and Regulations and pushed pudgy thumbs over the various clauses.

"There is nothing here which says it is the gasfitter's duty to strike the match," said John Gaseous, triumphantly.

"There is nothing here to indicate that such duty devolves upon the plumber," replied Harvey Easyworker.

The men gazed at each other sullenly. The gas was leaking rapidly and the meter was busily charging it up.

"The matter has never been passed on by the Amalgamated Order of Gasfitters & Plumbers," shouted John Gaseous.

"We will call a meeting tonight," cried the plumber.

Suddenly a form sprang toward the range. There was a crackle, followed by a puff. The gas had been lighted!

The pale, angry bride turned defiantly toward the laboring men. They glowered upon her.

"Gentlemen," she announced, with nervous intensity, "I recognize the unalienable rights of labor, and have no desire to interfere with the sacred privileges of your orders. But you, each of you, have trembled upon the verge of a mighty error! Lighting the gas is clearly without your province. That office belongs to the cook!"

It was a crafty thing to say. The discomfited union men hung their heads. But there was still something to be cleared up.

"But you are not a member of the Cooks' Union," was the technical rejoinder that was thrust upon her.

She was for the moment nonplussed. Then, rallying all her mental faculties, she said impressively:

"Ah, but I belong to another Union! Charlie, get out our marriage license!"

But the laborers, with one baffled cry, incontinently fled.

Robert C. McElravy.

PUCK



A SAILOR'S LIFE

"You know, Miss Footlights went on the road in your part a few seasons ago."
"Did she enjoy her trip?"
"No—it was too realistic. The show was wrecked."

EXPECTED AND UNEXPECTED.



FT HAVE I called on Ernie fair,
And when she came to welcome me
Precise was every strand of hair,
Far too conventional was she;
Each ribbon bow was in its place,
Her speech punctilious as could be,
Like tinted marble was her face—
You see, she was expecting me.

But one wild night I braved my way
Through pelting sleet and stinging squall,
"Oh my! 't is he," I heard her say;
"I never thought he'd come at all."
I saw her then in boudoir dress,
Her raven hair was wild and free,
Oh, such delicious carelessness—
For she was not expecting me.

Victor A. Hermann.

A MISS IS AS GOOD AS A MILE, as any man knows who has ever tried sitting in a hammock with a mile.



ACCOUNTING FOR IT.

THE MONKEY.—Goodness! That parrot must have belonged to a golf player—and a foozler, at that!

It's a wise father who knows how to hold his own baby.

PUCK



PUCK

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

AS TO TAMMANY TICKETS GENERALLY.

SOME WEEKS AGO, it may be remembered, we called attention to the Tammany ticket. It had not then been nominated; but basing comment on certain authoritative forecasts, we wrote at once that exemplary would ill describe it, so high was its tone to be. Since then Mr. Murphy has spoken. He has said that Tammany's only course was to nominate men of such personal worth and reputation for good behavior that no Democrat in all New York could do otherwise than vote for them. And this, Mr. Croker's agent—that was an unintentional slip. This, Democracy has done. Supplementing it, we have little to say, except to felicitate Tammany on its stern adherence to principles. Its nominees are known quantities. If elected, they are unapt to disturb the traces or to cause the real city authorities any annoyance. The real city authorities, under a Tammany form of government, are weighted too heavily with private business cares to make office-holding possible. So the dull routine of public service they entrust to minor officials, like a Tammany mayor and his associates. They themselves take hold only when the public's welfare and their own private interests are in imminent danger of colliding. In such a crisis, minor officials, be they good or bad, are oftentimes incompetent to avert a clash. To avert it, that is, in the Tammany way.

A SUM IN PERCENTAGE. OUR UPRIGHT fellow townsman, Mr. Samuel Parks, has laid out his work for the Winter. While still in the West he disclosed the nature of it. And according to his own prospectus, he is to spend the next few months in preventing strikes. "Eighty per cent. of the employers will tell you," he has said, "that I always worked to prevent strikes and that I was successful in settling differences." Mr. Parks, therefore, is a living refutation of the chief charge against walking delegates. Namely, that they thrive on labor's inactivity. He believes, very evidently, despite his once terrible threat to tie up all our industries, that strikes may invariably be averted if the right steps are taken and that to guide labor's cause without friction and without strikes, except as a last resort, is the highest function of the walking delegate. That the gentleman himself has been true to this principle is a matter of court record. There is any amount of evidence that he prevented strikes—and prevented them with neatness and despatch. So conclusive, indeed, was the evidence in one case that the Hon. Mr. Parks was found guilty of extortion and escorted to a gray, old pile, overlooking the picturesque Hudson. This case, and one similar, of which the basis is a recent indictment, account for two of the aforesaid employers; while the remainder of the eighty per cent. referred to have yet to be heard from. If it is true, as Mr. Parks avers, that such a majority of local wage-payers can bear testimony to his strike-settling powers, it would seem to be their solemn duty to do so. As for the twenty per cent. minority, we can conceive of them only as crabbed, unreasoning employers, upon whom Mr. Parks' most pointed argument had no effect whatever.

SUBSIDIZING THE CROOK. THE SALARIED CROOK is the time's latest product. Differing from the sand-bag expert, whose services may always be hired at reasonable rates, the new type of criminal finds profit in idleness. He is paid,

in other words for what he does not do; for being good, like a spoiled child; for leading a blameless life and pure. A career of this sort, it is said, was attractively opened to a noted forger on the day of his release from prison. A liberal salary and prompt payment of it, provided he would cease to forge. The offer was logically credited to a bankers' association, and although denial came shortly, the forger's skill was so generally known that an arrangement of the kind would have been deemed good business. At all events, the incident is striking. It readily suggests a new class of criminals. And erects a mark at which even the bungling novice, the humblest apprentice, may confidently aim. The proud moment when his evil abilities recognized, he draws his first pay check from a cowed community, will appear as a vision to many a despairing felon and spur him on through the early ardours of his difficult calling. Then will the end be not the bars, as now; but an era of honorable leisure, a pensioned peace, in the afterglow of life. From still another standpoint may the salaried crook be viewed complacently. Considering the cost of trials, frequently fabulous, he could be very widely subsidized and still be ranked as a public economy. Further, he could render valuable assistance in the war against black-mail, as no one would pay for the privilege of attempting what it was more to his advantage, financially, to refrain from doing. To wide-awake students of civics, we think, the merits of the plan will instantly appeal.

HIS OFFER.

"The pay is twenty dollars a month, and board," said pessimistic old Farmer Bentover, addressing the applicant for work, who had a pronounced drawl in his speech and an unpromising hitch in his get-along. "And I've got a standin' offer of a present of a ten-dollar gold piece to any hired man who kills himself by workin' too hard."

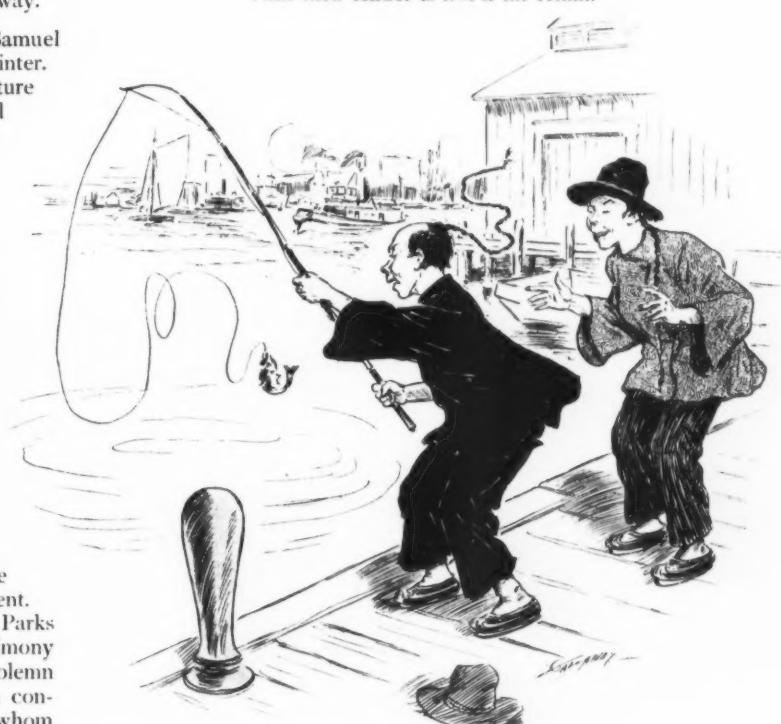
HIS SELECTIONS.

TEACHER.—Which are the four most important cities in the United States?

PUPIL.—New York, Chicago, Washington and Oyster Bay.

SOLDIERY.

The troops of this truculent Khan
Are tin soldiers, they say, to a man.
But when they parade,
The impression is made
That their leader is not a tin Khan.



LINES TO A CHINK.

LI MUCH.—Hully Glee! Jim, gotee five-pound fish on line,
sure!

JIM HOP.—Hie! You likee him more lan five-dollah washee
on line!



The Working "People."



The Musical "People."



The Build-Your-Own-Home "People."

"YOU CAN FOOL SOME OF THE PEOPLE
ALL OF THE TIME, BUT YOU CAN'T FOOL ALL OF THE PEOPLE ALL OF THE TIME."



THE PEOPLE ALL OF THE TIME—"

PUCK

SHE WINKED AT ME.



HE WINKED at me, a maiden fair;
I winked at her; she did n't care.
She winked again, and I did, too;
I thought it jolly—would n't you?
For she was just as chic and sweet
As any girl you'd care to meet,
And though a perfect stranger, yet
I felt as if we'd often met,
And smiled at her familiarly
The while she winked at me.

She winked at me, a saucy wink; She winked at me—the little flirt!
Such acts are naughty, you may think; No matter though, it did n't hurt;
But I—I rather liked it, so No one would censure her for it;
We kept on winking to and fro, Her mamma never cared a bit,
First she at me, then I at her, And mammas know precisely what
Till winks were flying livelier Is strict propriety or not.
Than shot in battle! Oh, such fun! 'T would have different been, I own,
She had my heart completely won; If she had been a maiden grown;
And I surrendered willingly But she was only eight, you see,
Because—she winked at me! And so—she winked at me!

Sidney Warren Mase.

DESPERATE.

Hereupon the man gave himself up to despair.
"I shall starve! There is nothing in the house but breakfast food, and I am thoroughly committed to the no-breakfast cure!" he exclaims, the tears trickling down his bronzed cheeks.
Of course, he is too proud to beg.

HERO.

For the first time in her life, the operatic heroine wavered, when the knight had rescued her.
Then he sang the usual tenor aria.
"That settles it!" exclaimed the maiden. "It is as I suspected. The real hero of this production is the composer. He is the man for me, by all the laws that have governed the plot of opera from time immemorial. Avant!"
And she regarded the knight disdainfully.



THE CORRECT ARTICLE.

FARMER GREENE.—Oh, yes; there are several "gentlemen-farmers" around here.

THE FAIR STRANGER.—And what is a "gentleman-farmer"?

FARMER GREENE.—Oh, a feller that knows enough ter run a farm as it should be run, and rich enough ter stand th' loss!

NOTHING TO IT.

THE GAME-COCK (*the day before the battle*).—You may think I'm crowing a bit, but, honestly, boys, it's hardly a cackle when I assert that I'll win inside of ten rounds, spurs down. I hear they're laying odds against my chances, but you can bet all the fresh eggs in the haymow that I'll have that barnyard blow-hard on Bug street before the late comers find their perches! I'm having a monologue of fifteen hundred crows written for me, so you see I'm taking no chances in this affair!



IT is a pity there are so many strenuous lives which are strenuous in the wrong direction.



IN AN ACCEPTING MOOD.

"You won't say no to a plate of ice cream, Miss Shadyside?"
"No, indeed, Mr. Heavyweight. I won't even—te-hee!—say it's so sudden!"

Pluck, skill and determination will, in time, work wonders; but they get much quicker returns by working suckers.

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SOME NOTES ON THE "PARSIFAL" WAR.

BAYREUTH, July 13.—Frau Wagner is much distressed over the announcement that Herr Conried is to stage "Parsifal" at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. She has heard that the New York production will be changed to a musical comedy, and that Eddie Foy and James T. Powers will sing the role of Parsifal on alternate nights. Frau Wagner is determined to prevent such a sacrilege, especially as she has just enlarged the coin chests in the box office at Bayreuth, in anticipation of a heavy American patronage next season.

NEW YORK, Aug. 1.—Heinrich Conried, who returned from Germany on the steamer "Flying Dutchman" to-day, says Frau Wagner cannot prevent his production of "Parsifal." He has engaged all the Bayreuth singers with the exception of Herr Ausgespielt and Herr Rausmittel. Three extra rows of boxes will be built in the Metropolitan Opera House, and there will be an arrangement of mirrors so the display of diamonds will apparently be doubled. The orchestra at no time will be allowed to play loud enough to drown the conversation of the box holders. The cheapest seats will be ten dollars apiece, but even at this rate Herr Conried figures he will lose \$23 if everything is sold out. Abel Dreemer, the well-known press agent, has been put in charge of the "Parsifal" publicity bureau at a salary of \$20,000 for the season.

BERLIN, Aug. 22.—Emperor William is furious at Herr Conried's attempt to give an American production of "Parsifal." It is understood that the Emperor personally cabled to the German Ambassador at Washington to-day, urging him to look up the American copyright laws and see if the production cannot be headed off. The Emperor has never heard "Parsifal," but an officer in his bodyguard is named Wagner, hence the matter comes very close to the royal heart. If diplomatic measures fail it is understood the Reichstag will be ordered to bar all of Clyde Fitch's plays out of Germany as a retaliatory measure. Mr. Abel Dreemer of New York sailed for home to-day on the Kaiserino.

CHICAGO, Sept. 20.—Miss Merrie Byrd, of this city, who has just completed a course with Mme. Parcheesi, at Paris, has been engaged to sing the role of one of the flower girls in the New York production of "Parsifal." Miss Byrd's father, Mr. Wise Byrd, the stockyard's king, says if Frau Wagner envisions "Parsifal" he will put up the money to carry Herr Conried's legal fight through the highest courts. (Note to Sunday Editors: Mr. Abel Dreemer will send photograph and Sunday story about Miss Byrd.)

CROCKETT'S CORNERS, Ind., Oct. 1.—The question of the rights to "Parsifal" nearly caused a murder and lynching here to-day. Abe Smithkins and Dan Elliott became engaged in an altercation over Herr Conried's moral right to produce the opera. Both men are members of the Crockett's Corners Silver Cornet Band, and the argument, which took place in the band room, was finally concluded by Smithkins striking Elliott over the head with a bassoon. Smithkins was pursued by a Conried faction, and would have been lynched had he not been rescued at the last moment by a Frau Wagner faction, headed by the organist from the Crockett's Corners church. The village has taken sides in the case, and a "Parsifal" debate will be held in the schoolhouse next Wednesday night.

NEW YORK (Dispatches to dramatic editors on the night of the "Parsifal" production).—Nobody seemed to comprehend "Parsifal" to-night, but the opera has had so much advertising that the demand for seats insures a large fortune for all concerned. Mr. Abel Dreemer, whose press work has had so much to do with the success of the opera, has just purchased a steam yacht and will spend the remainder of the season in the Mediterranean.

Arthur Chapman.

MARRIAGE will not go out so long as it provides a woman with a home, and, if she be at all adroit, with somebody to blame the color-scheme of the parlor onto, should occasion arise.



IN THE DISCHARGE OF DUTY.

THE CONSTABLE.—The Opry House is over that way.

THE ACTOR.—Yes? Do you go there often?

THE CONSTABLE.—Well, every once in a while I have to go to keep 'em from mobbin' the actors.

El Principe de Gales



KING OF HAVANA CIGARS

NOT YET PAID.

"They're saying you're just like all the other members of the House," remarked the newly elected Legislator's close friend. "They say you have your price."

"That's a lie," declared the new member.

"I thought so."

"Yes. I haven't got it yet, but I have hopes." — *Catholic Standard and Times*.

A FLEETING IMPRESSION.

"Did you see Bimler's new touring car?"

"No."

"Why, it passed you just now."

"Was that it? All I saw was a blur of maroon."

"That was the car."

"And a streak of red."

"That was Bimler's hair." — *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"DOCK" SQUIRES was a queer old "yarb" doctor of decidedly limited education who flourished in New England a good many years ago. One day someone said to him:

"See here, Dock, have you any diploma?"

"Wal, no; I ain't got none on hand just now, but I'm going to dig some soon as the ground thaws out in the Spring." — *Lippincott's Magazine*.

EGYPTIAN DEITIES
ANARGYROS

Simple, Elegant,
Luxurious, Pure, Fragrant.

Egyptian DEITIES.

No better Turkish cigarette can be made. Cork tips or plain tips.
No. 3 size, 10 for 25 cents. No. 1 size, 10 for 35 cents.
Look for signature of S. ANARGYROS.

"THE SOHMER" HEADS THE
LIST OF THE HIGHEST
GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building,
5th Ave., cor. 22d St.
Only Salesroom
in Greater New York.

IF IT'S
Red
Top
Rye
IT'S RIGHT

SURBRUG'S Arcadia MIXTURE.

"No one who smokes the Arcadia would ever attempt to describe its delights, for his pipe would be certain to go out." *My Lady Nicotine.*

The Highest
Perfection
of the Brewer's Art



P. B. Ale

Per dozen pints, \$1.50

ACKER, MERRALL & CONDIT COMPANY,
New York Agents

A HUNTING EXPEDITION.
Although he got no game at all,
He felt quite lucky in the end.
By no stray bullet did he fall,
Nor did he shoot some trusting friend.—*Washington Star.*

HE WAS ALL RIGHT.

"Why don't you go to work?" demanded Mrs. Goodart.

"Yer see," began the gray-haired old loafer, "I got a wife an' four children to support—"

"But, if you don't go to work, how can you?"

"Lady, as I wuz sayin', I got a wife an' four children to support me."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Established 1823. WILSON WHISKEY. That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore, Md.

THEN THE FIGHT BEGAN.

"Afther he seen me wid ye," said Flanagan, "he sez to me. Is Flannery related to you?" sez he.

"The Oidee!" interrupted Flannery.

"Aye! an' sez Oi to him: 'If Oi tought Flannery had any av my blood in his veins Oi'd cut it out av him,' sez Oi."

"Faith! if Oi had Oi'd let ye."—*Philadelphia Press.*

MRS. LAKESIDE.—What a nest of human misery Canada must be!

MR. LAKESIDE.—In what way?

MRS. LAKESIDE.—The paper says that in twenty years the courts there have granted only one hundred and sixteen divorces.—*New York Weekly.*

"DID YOU engage the cook, dear?" said the young husband.

"Yes, I did," replied the young wife.

"Do you think she's a good cook?"

"She must be; she says she goes to church twice every Sunday!"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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Years of labor for perfection have resulted in the production of

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Deservedly
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Whiskey of
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For the physical
needs of women it
is a pure tonic.



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WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



PAPA'S REASON.

ETHEL.—But why does your father object to him?

EDITH.—Oh, just so he can say, "I told you so," after we are married, I suppose.

Digestion's greatest aid—Abbott's—the Original Angostura Bitters. A "nip" before and after every meal gives appetite and helps digestion.—Abbott's.

BACON.—Why do they call the top gallery in the theatre "a heaven"?

EGBERT.—Because it is above the stars, I suppose.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

YOUNG HUB.—There's no need of further parley, the next war that comes along, finds me joining—

YOUNG WIFE.—Oh George, George, don't!

YOUNG HUB.—In the cheers of victory.—*Yonkers Herald.*

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MRS. LAKEFRONT.—That's the reason. I'm getting my husband so frightened that he has n't said club to me for a fortnight.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

THE PROOF.

ETHEL.—I did n't know that your Aunt Dorothy was married.

REGGIE.—Well, she is. I guess I know, 'cause I went to her funeral!—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

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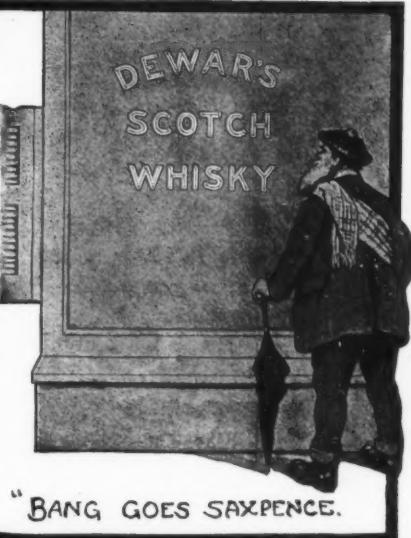
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THE PROFITABLE FAILURE.

MRS. ENVIE.—What a lovely diamond necklace you have. My husband promised me one for my birthday, but he failed to buy it.

MRS. SELLENHEIMER.—Ah! dot's vat my husbandt had to do to buy mine.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

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"De people in dis neighborhood is de most shockin'ly ill-bred persons dat I ever run across," said Meandering Mike. "Deir lack of information 'bout de proprieties is scan'lous."

"What have dey been doin'?" asked Plodding Pete.
"No less dan t'ree of 'em has offered me breakfast food fur luncheon!"—*Washington Star.*



A CONSERVATIVE VIEW.

"But don't you think it would be a good thing to pay off the mortgage?"

"Well, I don't know. That mortgage has been on the church so long that it almost seems like flying in the face of Providence to interfere with it."

Tired brain and nervous tension relax under the potent action of the Original Abbott's Angostura Bitters. Label on bottle tells the Original—Abbott's.

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The art of cocktail mixing is to so blend the ingredients that no one is evident, but the delicate flavor of each is apparent. Is this the sort of cocktail the man gives you who does it by guesswork? There's never a mistake in a CLUB COCKTAIL. It smells good, tastes good, is good—always. Just strain through cracked ice. Seven kinds—Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin and York.

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The beer that makes you bilious is what we call a "green beer." It is beer that is marketed too soon — that is insufficiently aged.

We store Schlitz Beer for months in refrigerating rooms, and this fact requires a storage capacity for 425,000 barrels.

We keep it there until it is well fermented. That adds to the cost, of course. That is why some beers are shipped green.

We are that careful all through

Careful about materials — about cleanliness.

So careful that we filter all the air that touches Schlitz Beer.

And when it is bottled and sealed, we sterilize every bottle.

Your doctor will tell you to drink Schlitz Beer, rather than common beer; and it costs you no more than the common.

Ask for the brewery bottling.

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS.

A COMMUNITY OF INTEREST.

HICKS.—He says he has perfected plans that will enable him to build low-priced automobiles, placing the machines within the reach of all.

WICKS.—The idea! That means a great business undertaking.

HICKS.—H'm! It also means a great undertaking business.—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

COW BELLS.

You jingle a bell
And the cows follow tame.
You jingle some dollars
And men do the same.

—*Washington Star.*

"FROM FACTORY TO YOUR HOME."



SOME of the people who pride themselves on being citizens of Heaven are likely to have their real estate there sold for taxes.—*Ram's Horn.*

There is no biliousness in old beer

The beer that makes you bilious is what we call a "green beer." It is beer that is marketed too soon — that is insufficiently aged.

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A QUESTION.

"His doctor advised horseback riding."
"Did he? I wonder what he'll prescribe for nervous prostration."

Don't be cross; cheer up on a cold bottle of Champagne, and let it be Cook's Imperial Extra Dry.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER for After Shaving.

Insist that your barber uses Mennen's Toilet Powder after he shaves you. It is Antiseptic, and will PREVENT many of the skin diseases often contracted.

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GENERAL (when bullet-proof uniforms become common). — What have you learned?

AID.—Victory will soon perch upon our banners. We have filled the enemy's clothes so full of lead that they can't move another step without undressing.—*New York Weekly*.

BLOCKING HIM.

"My boss has promised to raise my salary on the first of next month," said Slyman.

"Sorry, old man," interrupted Newitt, "but I've had to borrow some money myself this week."—*Philadelphia Press*.

"SOME MEN," said Uncle Eben, "is so worried 'bout what's gwine on in South America an' de Philippines dat dey clean fohgits to keep deir own sidewalks swep' off."—*Washington Star*.

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THE BLUSHING BRIDE.—The deacon done go ask me ef I take Washington foh bettah or foh wohrse.

THE BRIDE'S FATHER.—He di-did?

THE BLUSHING BRIDE.—Ya-as, an' I dun go tell him foh bettah, if you please.—*Yonkers Herald*.

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THE CONVERSATIONAL NUISANCE.

"I went to California," said the distinguished western man, "as a forty-niner."

"Dear me!" rejoined the very annoying girl; "were you marked down from fifty?" — *Washington Star*.

ANTICIPATION VS. EXPERIENCE.

OLD GENTLEMAN.—Do you think, sir, that you are able to support my daughter without continually hovering on the verge of bankruptcy?

SUITOR.—Oh, yes, sir; I am sure I can.

OLD GENTLEMAN.—Well, that's more than I can do. Take her and be happy.—*N.Y. Weekly*.

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FIRST GRASSHOPPER.—On my trip I had an interesting talk with a leading potato bug.

SECOND GRASSHOPPER.—Indeed? And what are his views of the situation?

FIRST GRASSHOPPER.—Why, he thinks that with a well-organized fusion movement we could make it interesting for the farmer.

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"They have n't much show of winning the election, but they're making quite a bluff. They're going to have a torch-light procession to-night."

"That so? Have they any transparencies?"

"O! yes; that word describes the various claims they've been making." — *Catholic Standard and Times*.

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TESS.—What do you mean by that?

JESS.—A marriage certificate. — *Philadelphia Press*.



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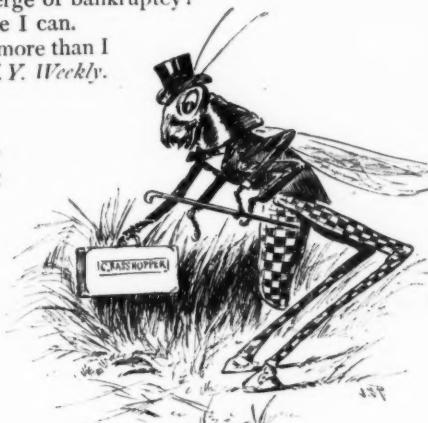
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